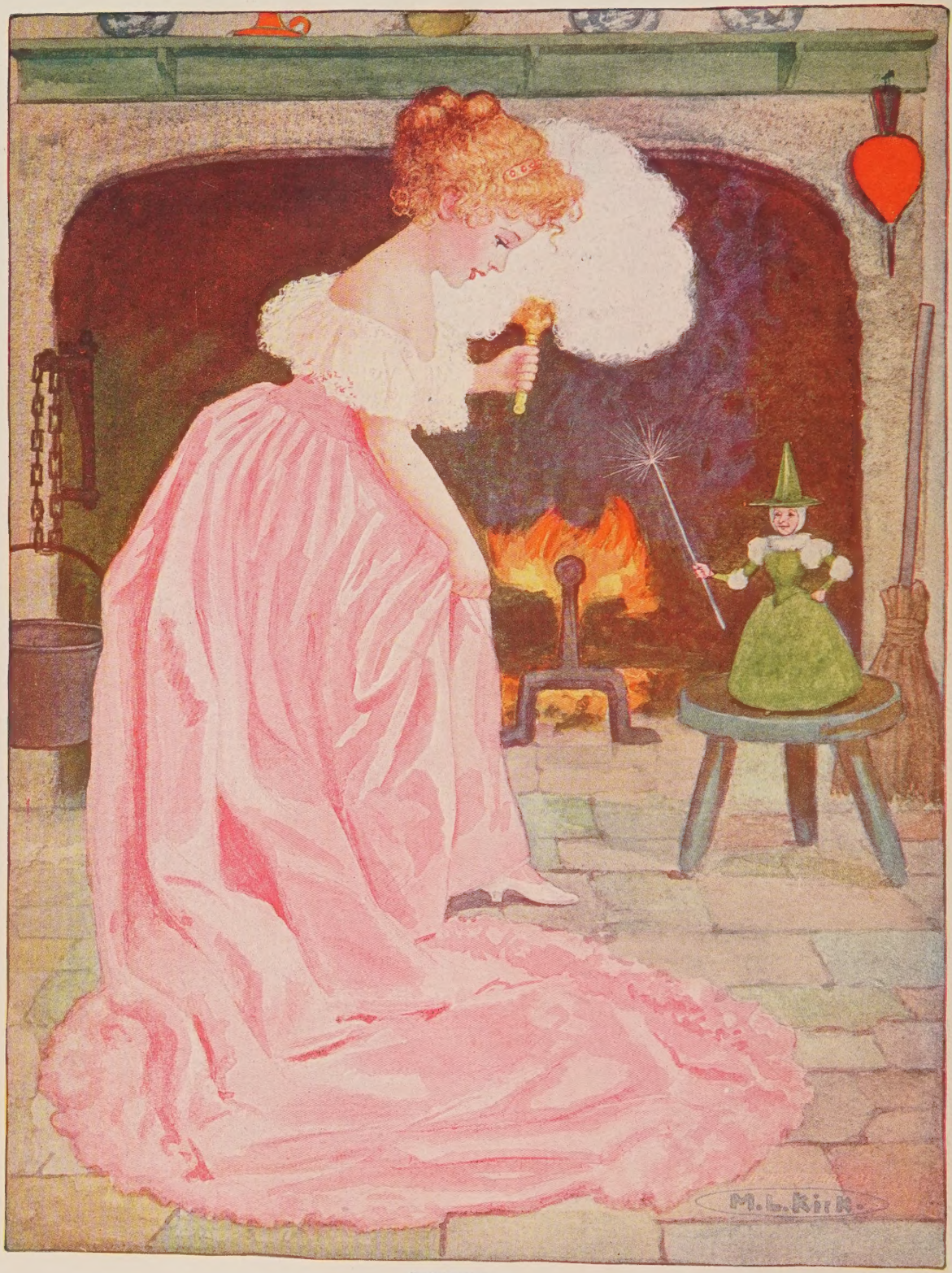
CHILDREN'S FAVORITE FAIRY TALES.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/childrensfavorit0000vari

50¢

Dec 25 1924
A Merry
CHRISTMAS
To
Jennie may Francis
from
the Whinery's



CINDERELLA

Children's Favorite Fairy Tales

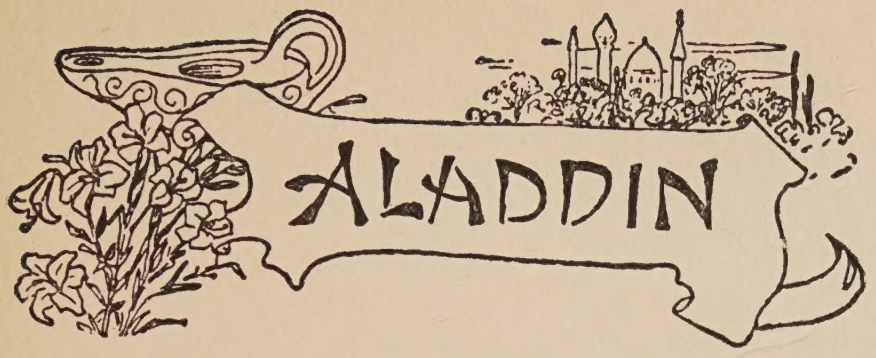
THE STORIES THAT NEVER GROW OLD

Illustrated

NEW YORK
CUPPLES & LEON COMPANY

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY
CUPPLES & LEON COMPANY

Printed in U. S. A.



THERE once lived in China a tailor named Mustapha, who was so poor that he could barely support his wife and only son, Aladdin, who was a terribly idle lad. Even after the death of his father, Aladdin did not work to help his poor mother, but spent his time playing about the streets with other boys. One day he was stopped by a stranger, who was a magician from Africa, who asked him if he were not the son of Mustapha, the tailor. When Aladdin answered "Yes," the stranger embraced him, and telling him that he was his uncle, sent him home to his mother to tell her to prepare for a visitor.

The magician came to the house on the next day and having made some presents to Aladdin's mother, who had prepared supper for him, asked her what trade her

son was employed in? On hearing of Aladdin's idleness, his pretended uncle offered to take a shop for him, and set him up as a merchant. Aladdin was pleased, and on the morrow the boy set out with his uncle, who equipped him with a fine suit of clothes and showed him round the city.

The next day the magician took Aladdin with him for a very long walk. They passed through the beautiful public gardens, and going to a great distance into the country, at length reached a narrow valley between two mountains, and there the magician sought to carry out the plans which had led him to China.

Having made Aladdin light a fire, he threw some perfume into it, and then

uttered some magical words, which caused the earth to open and reveal a large stone, in which was fixed a brass ring. Aladdin was very frightened, but his "uncle" was angry at his behaviour. He afterwards said that there were vast treasures beneath the stone, and that Aladdin should have all, if he only did exactly as he was told.

The magician commanded him to lift up the stone, and descend the staircase which was beneath it.

"Open the door at the foot of the steps," said he, "and you will find a palace. Pass through and you will come into a garden where there are some fine fruit trees. Pass through to the terrace beyond it, where you will find a lighted lamp, placed in a niche. Put out the lamp, then hasten back to me with it.

Aladdin followed these directions and found everything as the magician had stated. Having secured the lamp, he plucked the fruits in the orchard, and filled his pockets with them. The magician saw him returning and called out—

"Make haste, and give me the lamp."

"Help me out first," answered Aladdin, who was so hampered by the fruit that he

could not get out by himself. He persisted in his refusal to give up the lamp before he was out of the cave, whereupon the magician, in a great rage, threw some perfume into the fire, and muttered some magical words, which caused the stone to return to its former place.

The truth was that the magician had learnt through his arts that the lamp could make its owner enormously rich, and that he could only obtain it as the free gift of another. Accordingly he had employed Aladdin as a suitable tool, in the hope of getting the

lamp by this means. Having failed in his attempt he set out to return to Africa, but avoided the city, lest he should be recognised, and people should inquire what had become of Aladdin.

Meanwhile poor Aladdin was in great distress, and knew not what to do, for the door which led from the steps to the palace had been closed by the magician's words. By some chance he rubbed a ring which the magician had given him when he entered the cave; and a genie then appeared, who thus addressed him—

"What do you require?

I am ready to obey you in all things, I and the rest of the slaves of the ring."

Aladdin asked to be delivered from the cave, and at once found himself on the spot whither he had come with the magician. He hurried home to his mother, who warmly welcomed him, but owing to his hunger and weariness he fainted almost directly. On coming to himself he asked for some food, but his mother said that there was not a crust of bread left in the house. He then asked her for the lamp which he had brought home, as he wished to go out and sell it. His mother began to rub the lamp as it was very dirty,

but no sooner had she touched it than an immense genie appeared, who said, in very loud tones:— "What do you require? I am ready to obey thee in all things, I and the rest of the slaves of the lamp."

Though his mother was alarmed, Aladdin said boldly that he wanted something to eat, and the genie went away, returning immediately with a large silver tray, on which were twelve silver plates of meat, with six pieces of bread on two plates, two bottles of wine, and two silver cups.

His mother joined Aladdin in a hearty meal. She wished to part with the lamp, as she dreaded the genie, but her son thought that both the lamp and the ring were well worth keeping. The lamp proved an inexhaustible treasure, as Aladdin was able to sell the silver trays and dishes to a merchant, and to get more from the genie whenever any were required. By these means he and his mother lived comfortably for some years.

One day Aladdin saw the Sultan's daughter, the Princess Budderalbuddoor, on her way to the bath. Struck with her beauty, he determined to make her his bride, although his mother said he must be mad to think of such a thing. He managed to persuade her, however, to take the jewels which he had plucked from the trees in the underground gardens, and present them to the Sultan, asking him at the same time for his daughter's hand for her son. For several days did the good woman attend the Sultan's divan, taking with her a china dish, on which she had placed the various jewels. By these visits she attracted the attention of the Sultan, who told his grand vizier that he wished to give an audience to the woman who came so regularly. When she was brought before the Sultan he listened patiently whilst she narrated the errand on which her son had sent her; but when he asked to see what she had brought, he was lost in admiration at the beautiful jewels which met his eyes. The Sultan seemed willing to accept Aladdin as a husband

for his daughter but the grand vizier, who sought her in marriage for his own son, persuaded his sovereign to put off his decision for three months. Aladdin was even more pleased than his mother at the success of the interview, and waited patiently for the expiration of the three months.

Meanwhile the grand vizier was not idle. Within two months he made the Sultan such splendid presents, that he agreed to accept the vizier's son as his daughter's husband. Aladdin was much alarmed when his mother told him that preparations were being made for the immediate marriage of the princess and the vizier's son. In his distress, he summoned the genie, who said as usual—

"What do you require? I am ready to obey thee in all things."

Aladdin commanded the genie to bring the princess and her husband from the palace to his house on that very night. So the genie removed the son of the vizier, leaving Aladdin to woo the princess and

explain to her how her father, the Sultan, had deceived him. At daybreak, the genie transported the princess and her husband back to the palace; but at night, as commanded by Aladdin, he again removed them. The newly-married pair were so distressed at the enchantment, that they entreated the Sultan to annul the marriage, which he did, after hearing of their reasons.

On the day when the three months contained in the Sultan's promise were up, Aladdin's mother again went to the Sultan. "I will keep my word," said he, "when your son shall send me forty trays of massive gold, full of jewels, like those you first brought me."

By the aid of the genie, Aladdin was at once able to do this; and when the monarch saw the treasure he had asked for, he was highly pleased. He declared that he would give Aladdin an immediate audience. Attired in splendid clothes, and mounted on a magnificent charger, Aladdin rode up to the palace. The Sultan received him cordially, and had the contract of marriage

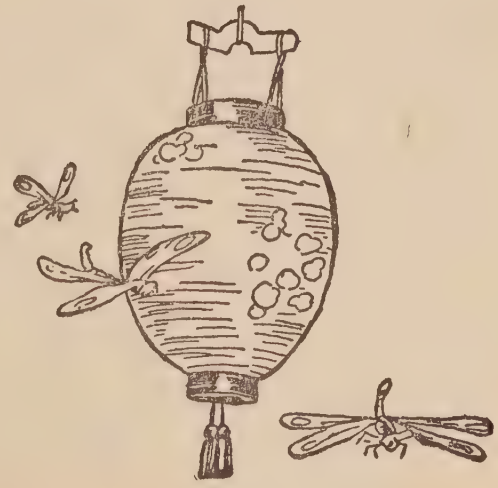
between Aladdin and his daughter drawn up by the chief magistrate. Aladdin, however, declined to have the marriage celebrated until he had built a palace worthy of the Princess Budderalbuddoor.

On his return home, he rubbed his lamp and said to the genie—

"You must now build me a palace, grander than any in the world. The walls must be of gold and silver, and the windows studded with diamonds and emeralds."

On the next morning, Aladdin found that the palace had been built exactly as he had directed, and the Sultan and the princess were charmed with it.

For some years Aladdin and the princess lived happily in the palace, and endeared themselves to all the inhabitants of the city by their lavish generosity.



Meantime the African magician discovered the good fortune which the lamp had brought to Aladdin, and determined to

secure the lamp for his own purposes. He found out by his magic that the lamp was in the palace; and he was informed that Aladdin would be away on a hunting expedition for a few days. The wicked magician hit upon a plan whereby to gain the lamp, and having bought a dozen new lamps from a coppersmith, he put them into a basket, and walked about the city shouting—

"New lamps for old ones!"

The people in the street thought he must be mad, and they made such a noise shouting after him, as he passed the palace, that the princess was curious to know the cause of the excitement.

On hearing what was going on she laughed, and said to one of her slaves—

"There is a dirty old lamp in Prince Aladdin's dressing-room, and he will be glad to have a new one instead; so take it out to the man, and see that he carries out his bargain."

The slave did so, and the magician eagerly put the old lamp under his cloak, and hurried away to a quiet spot, where he lost no time in calling the genie.

"What do you require? I am ready to obey you in all things, I and the rest of the slaves of the lamp."

The magician caused the genie to transport him, together with Aladdin's palace, and all within it, to Africa; and the Sultan and his ministers were accordingly much astonished to find that the palace had disappeared from view.

The vizier, who had always been jealous of Aladdin's influence with the Sultan, suggested that the palace had been built by magic, and that the hunting expedition was a mere excuse of Aladdin's for making away with it.

The Sultan sent for Aladdin, who was greatly troubled, and knew not what to do, but he chanced to rub the ring which the magician had given him, and there appeared to him the same genie who had taken him out of the cave.

"What do you require?" said the genie.

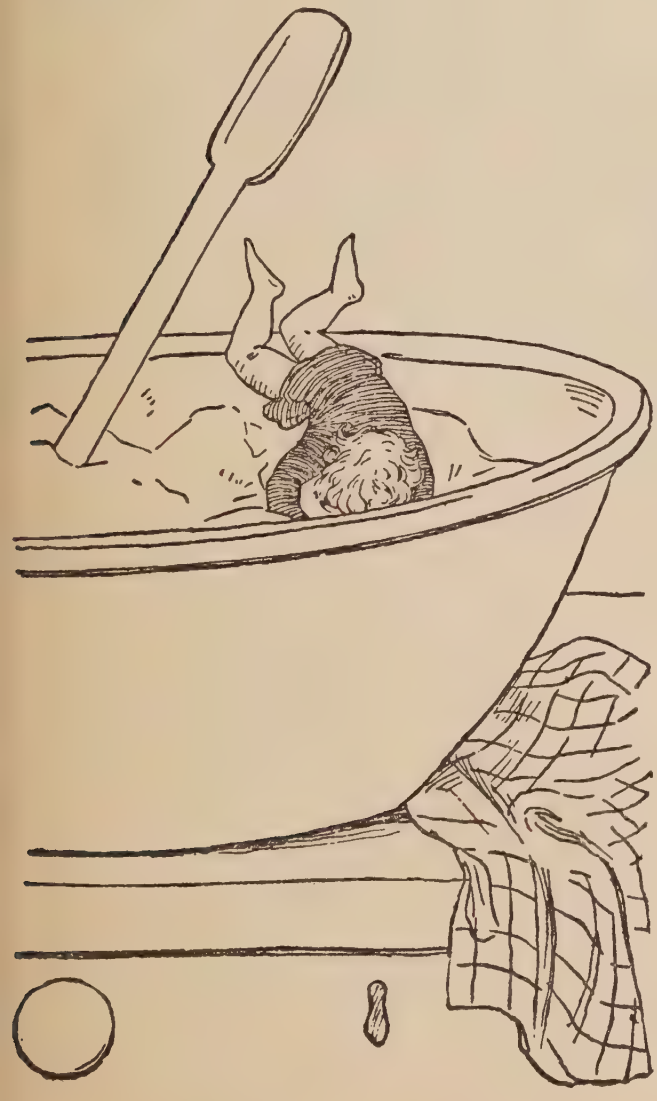
Aladdin asked him to restore the palace, but not being so powerful as the slave of the lamp, he could not do this. He therefore transported Aladdin to where his palace now stood. Aladdin found out from the princess that the lamp was in the possession of the magician, and having purchased a poisonous drug from a chemist, he asked her to place this in the cup of the magician.

Accordingly, when the magician came in the evening, the princess asked him to change cups with her. He did so, and, draining the proffered cup, sank down lifeless on the floor. Aladdin then came in, and snatching the lamp from within the magician's robe, made its slave convey the palace and all within it back to China. The Sultan, who was delighted to have his daughter back again, at once forgave Aladdin, and again took him into favour.

Aladdin was now rid of his foe; and on the death of the Sultan, he and the princess succeeded to the throne, and reigned happily for a long period.

The History of Tom Thumb.

WHEN King Arthur ruled over Britain, there lived a great magician named Merlin, who was the most skillful enchanter of the day, and was able to assume any form he pleased.



One day, when travelling in the disguise of a poor beggar, being very tired, he stopped at the cottage of a ploughman to rest himself, and to ask for some refreshment. The countryman gave him a hearty welcome, and his wife, who was a very good-hearted, hospitable woman, soon brought him a bowl of

milk and a plate of brown bread.

Merlin was much pleased with this homely meal, and at the kindness of the ploughman and his wife; but he could not help observing, that though everything in the cottage was neat and comfortable, they seemed very unhappy. He therefore asked the cause of their low spirits and learned that they were miserable because they had no children. The poor woman declared, with tears in her eyes, that she would be the happiest person in the world if she only had a son, even if he were no bigger than her husband's thumb.

Merlin was so much amused with the idea of a boy no bigger than a man's thumb, that he asked the queen of the fairies to grant the wish of the countryman's wife. Queen Mab

readily agreed, and a short time afterwards the ploughman's wife had a son, who was not a bit bigger than his father's thumb!

The fairy queen took an interest in the little fellow, and came in at the window while the mother was sitting up in the bed admiring him. The queen kissed the child, and, giving him the name of Tom Thumb, sent for some of the fairies, who dressed her little favourite according to her instructions:

"An oak leaf hat he had for his crown;
His shirt of web by spiders spun;
With jacket wove of thistle's down;
His trousers were of feathers done;
His stocking of apple rind they tie
With eyelash from his mother's eye;
His shoes were made of mouse's skin
Tanned with the downy hair within."

Tom never grew any larger than his father's thumb, which was of an ordinary size; but as he got older, he became very cunning. When he was old enough to play with other boys, and had lost all his cherry-stones, he used to creep into the bags of his play-fellows, fill his pockets, and, getting out without being noticed, would again join in the game.

One day, however, as he was coming out of a bag of cherrystones, where he had been pilfering as usual, the boy to whom it belonged chanced to see him.

"Ah! ha! my little Tommy," said he, "so I have caught you stealing my cherrystones this time, and I will pay you out for your thievish tricks."

So saying, he drew the string tightly round his neck, and gave the bag such a hearty shake, that poor little Tom's legs, thighs, and body were sadly bruised. He roared out with pain, and begged to be let out, promising never to steal cherrystones again.

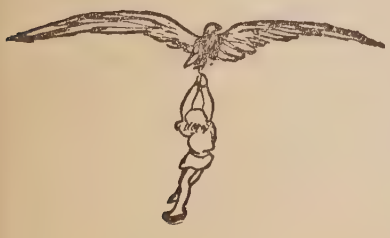
A short time afterwards his mother was making a batter pudding, and Tom being very anxious to see how it was made, climbed up to the edge of the bowl. Unfortunately his foot slipped, and he fell head foremost into the batter, unnoticed by his mother, who stirred him into the pudding-bag, and put him in the pot to boil.

The batter filled Tom's

mouth, and prevented him from crying, but on feeling the hot water he kicked and struggled so much in the pot that his mother thought the pudding must be bewitched, and threw it out of the door. A poor tinker, who was passing by, lifted up the pudding, and, putting it into his sack, he walked away with it. Tom now had cleared his mouth of the batter, and began to cry out, which so frightened the tinker that he flung down the pudding and ran away.

As the pudding was broken to pieces by the fall, Tom crept out covered with batter, and managed to walk home. His mother, who was very sorry to see him in such a wretched state, put him in a teacup whilst she washed off the batter, after which she kissed him and put him to bed.

Soon after the adventure of the pudding, Tom's mother took him along with her whilst she went to milk the cow As the wind was very high, she tied him to a thistle by a piece of fine thread, lest he should be blown away. The cow liked the appear-



ance of the oak leaf hat, and took poor Tom and the thistle at one mouthful.

Whilst the cow was chewing the thistle, Tom feared her great teeth, which threatened to crush him to pieces, and roared out as loudly as he could:

"Mother, mother!"

"Where are you, Tommy, my dear?" asked his mother.

"Here, mother," replied he, "in the red cow's mouth."

Tom's mother began to cry and wring her hands, but the cow, surprised at the odd noise in her throat, opened her mouth, and let the little boy drop out. Fortunately his mother caught him in her apron as he was falling to the ground, or else he would have been dreadfully hurt. She then took him in her hand and ran home with him.

Tom's father made him a whip of a barley straw to drive the cattle with, and having one day gone into the fields, he slipped, and rolled into the furrow. A raven, which was flying over, picked him up, and flew with him to the top of a giant's castle that was near the seaside,

and there left him. Tom was in a dreadful state, and did not know what to do; but he was soon more frightened, for old Soumbo, the giant, came up to walk on the terrace, and seeing Tom, he took him up and swallowed him like a pill.

The giant had no sooner swallowed Tom than he began to repent of what he had done, for Tom began to kick and jump about so much that he felt very uncomfortable, and at last he threw him out into the sea. There he was at once swallowed by a large fish, who was soon afterwards caught, and bought for the table of King Arthur. When the fish was opened before being cooked, the servants were astonished to find a little boy inside it, and Tom was delighted to regain his liberty. The cook carried Tom to the king, who made him his dwarf, and he soon became a great favourite at court, where his tricks and gambols greatly amused the king and queen, and all the Knights of the Round Table.

When the king rode out on horseback he used to take Tom with him, and if a shower came on he used to creep into his majesty's waistcoat pocket, where

he slept till the rain was over.

One day King Arthur asked Tom who his parents were, if they were as small as he was, and whether they were rich or poor. Tom told the king that his father and mother were as tall as any one at court, but were rather poor. On hearing this the king took Tom to his treasury, and told him to take as much money as he could carry to his parents, which made the little fellow dance with joy. Tom went immediately to procure a purse, which was made of a water bubble, and then returned to the treasury, where he received a small gold piece to put into it.

Our little hero had some difficulty in lifting the bur-

den upon his back, but when he had placed it comfortably he set out on his journey.

Without meeting with any accident, and after resting more than a hundred times on the way, after two days and two nights, he reached his father's home in safety.

Tom's parents were delighted to see him and his gold piece, and as he was very tired his mother placed him in a walnut shell by the fireside, and feasted him for three days on a hazel nut. As Tom wished to return to court, and the ground was too wet for him to travel, his mother made him a little parasol of cambric paper, and, tying him to it, blew him into the air, and the wind carried him to King Arthur's palace.

Tom was warmly welcomed at court,

where he pleased the knights by his skill at tilts and tournaments. One day, as the cook was passing through the courtyard with a great bowl of porridge, Tom fell right into it, and splashed the hot porridge into the cook's face.

The cook was in a great rage, and told the king that Tom had spoiled the porridge out of sheer mischief. The king was very angry, and ordered Tom to be beheaded; but the little boy escaped by jumping into the mouth of a miller who was gaping beside

him. When the miller returned home he yawned, and Tom jumped out of his mouth again.

He soon returned to court, where the king pardoned him, and took him into favour again. As he continued to please the king, he was knighted as Sir Thomas Thumb, and given a new suit of clothes:

"Of butterfly's wings his shirt was made,
His boots of chicken's hide;
And by a nimble fairy maid
Well learned in the tailoring trade,
His clothing was supplied.
A needle dangled by his side,
A dapper mouse he used to ride,
Thus strutted Tom in stately pride!"

It was certainly very diverting to see Tom in

this dress, and mounted on a mouse, as he rode out hunting with the king and the knights, who were ready to die with laughter at Tom and his fine prancing charger.

The fairy queen soon afterwards came to pay Tom a visit, and carried him to Fairy Land, where he remained for many years, during which time King Arthur, and all the courtiers who knew Tom, died.

When Tom felt desirous of returning to court, Queen Mab sent him flying through

the air to the palace of King Thunstone, the successor of King Arthur. Every one flocked to see him, and carried him to the king, who asked him who he was, whence he came, and where he lived?

Tom answered:

"My name is Tom Thumb,
From the fairies I've come.
When King Arthur shone
This court was my home.
In me he delighted,
By him I was knighted;—
Did you never hear of Sir
Thomas Thumb?"

The king was so charmed with this address, that he ordered a little chair to be made, in order that Tom might sit upon his

table and also a palace of gold a span high, with a door an inch wide, to live in. He also gave him a coach, drawn by six small mice. This made the queen very jealous of Sir Thomas, and she resolved to ruin him. She therefore told the king that Tom had been very rude to her, and the little fellow was again ordered to be beheaded. He was put into a mouse-trap, to await his execution, but a cat, seeing something alive in the trap, patted

it about till the wires broke, and set Tom at liberty.

The king received Tom into favour again, but he did not live to enjoy it, for a large spider one day attacked him, and although he drew his sword and fought well yet the spider's poisonous breath at last overcame him.

"He fell dead on the ground where he stood,
And the spider sucked every drop of his blood."

King Thunstone and his whole court

were so sorry at the loss of their little favourite, that they went into mourning, and raised a fine marble monument over his grave, with the following epitaph:

"Here lies Tom Thumb,
King Arthur's knight,
Who died by a spider's
cruel bite.
He was well known in
Arthur's court,
Where he afforded gallant
sport;
He rode at tilt and tourna-
ment,
And on a mouse a-hunting
went.
Alive he filled the court
with mirth;
His death to sorrow soon
gave birth.
Wipe, wipe your eyes, and
shake your head
And cry—Alas! Tom
Thumb is dead!"

ONE day, in a strange and beautiful country over the seas, not a hundred miles from Mysore, a band of imps were dancing merrily in and out of the orchids and ferns that grew there. Soon they heard a sound of strange voices, but, not understanding the language, fled away as fast as their tiny legs could carry them; for the imps in foreign lands have no wings, and wear no dainty caps on their little brown heads—except when they want to be invisible, and then they put on a little brown cap made from the finest fibre of some rare leaves which are only to be found in the jungle.

After a while they heard the rattle-snakes moving in the long grass, and the night beetles chanting their song, so knew

it was safe for them to venture out of their hiding-places. They hopped and bounded nimbly forward to their favourite playground; and then started back in dismay, for they saw that the most beautiful orchid of all had been dug up and taken away, and with it several exquisite and rare ferns; for this was not the ordinary kind of orchid, that grows on a bare piece of stick or bark.

They began to weep, and looked most forlorn. Then one little imp, the bravest of all the band, beckoned all his followers round him, and made signs, as much as to say, "Let us look for our lost flower; she cannot have gone far by this time.

So they searched eagerly everywhere, and the monkeys were chattering overhead as though they were mocking and laughing at them; but the

mps did not mind; it only made them all he more determined o find the orchid—or she had been the Queen of the Forest o them.

At last the Imp, whom the others eemed to follow gave, little squeal of delight, for he had found the orchid hidden way at the foot of a huge bush tree. But, ad to relate, it was packed up most carefully, as though it was meant to go a long ourney. The little Imp was determined to ollow or go with it wherever it went; so he limbed up and stepped inside one of the nauve-tinted flowers, and curled himself up.

He had no sooner done this than the strange voices were heard again; and the other little imps had barely time to hide, let alone to say anything to their comrade, before a great hand lifted the

basket and contents, and placed it on the shoulder of a coolie, and away they went.

I hardly know which was to be pitied most, those left behind or the little Imp that was carried away to live always amongst strangers; for those that were left well knew that the orchid, though beautiful, could not live forever. But the Imp was one of those restless people who always think somewhere else is better than where they are.

At first he rather enjoyed being taken up hill and down dale, gently jogged along, and it was all so new and strange to him that he gave no thought to those he had left behind; besides, he did not feel at all strange at present, for the orchid was with him. He looked about, and thought it most wonderful; he had no idea the world was so large, and wondered if he should meet any more imps when they came to the end of their journey.

After a while he got tired of thinking, and said to himself it was quite time he

stretched his little legs, so, slipping on his invisible cap, he got on the handle of the basket, then on to the coolie's fingers, and ran down his arm. The coolie, feeling something tickling him, changed the basket over, and rubbed his arm. The Imp, thinking this great fun, ran up and down the the other arm, then round and round the man's neck, and up again into the basket. Well, really, this was more than the man could stand; he put down his burden on the ground, and then searched everywhere for the insect he felt sure must be there. By this time the little Imp had hidden himself in the moss and ferns that grew

round the orchid, and was laughing and curling himself up with delight as he thought of what he had done.

The steamer was the worst part to the poor mischievous little Imp; there he was only too glad to lie snugly tucked up in one of the orchid flowers, and sleep all day and night.

Then there came the train—such lots of noise and bustle; and presently began the jogging movement again, then *thud!* and all was still and quiet for some long time.

So Impie thought he might venture out, for he was very cramped by this time, and felt a bit sorry for himself. It had not been at all as nice as he expected, but he found the orchid a great comfort.

It was much colder here than where he had come from; but, ah, so beautiful and peaceful—no chattering monkeys or hideous insects, just a few butterflies flitting here and there, and a glorious light showing up all the

stately lilies, hollyhocks, and all the bell-shaped flowers that grow on long, slender stems.

He quite forgot the orchid in his ad-

miration for the beautiful flowers that were growing all round him, and he stood gazing at them, then shivered a little. He looked round, thinking how lovely they all were,

but so cold; and he would rather go back to the orchid, and wait to see if the great people who had brought them from their own lands far away would take them back.

But, alas! He could not see the basket. The orchid had gone. Now the little foreign Imp really was alone, and he began to whimper and wish for the comrades whom he had left far away.

Presently a dear, dainty little fairy thing with wings, who had been watching him all the time, stepped from one of the hollyhocks, and took him by the hand, and led him to a red lily close by. She thought he looked cold, so she chose the red lily for warmth; she could not speak to him, and neither could he to her, for the fairy language over the seas is not the same as here.

The sweet fairy flew to the honeysuckle bower, and brought a drop of dew on a petal and bade him sip; then, waving her tiny hands as though telling him to sleep, she flew away.

Impie, although still feeling strange, began to cheer up, for Fairy Hollyhock certainly had been quite sweet to him; he

felt he loved her. How delicious the dew was, much nicer than anything he had before tasted; and what a beautiful flower he was in! So, wondering about it all, he fell

asleep and dreamed of the dainty fairy. When he awoke the next day, or rather night, he felt very much refreshed, in fact quite his little, restless, impish self again

He jumped up, and, pulling one of the lily's red petals on one side, looked out, and he saw elfins, fairies, sprites, and every kind of imp arriving from everywhere.

Some fairy beings sat on snails, whose shells were polished, and shone like mother-of-pearl in the moonlight, the snails holding their heads quite majestically, and leaving their silver trail behind them as they moved slowly forward.

Other gossamer-gowned fairies were seated on the backs of winged insects, and drove them with reins and whips of slender silver cords.

Even the beetles were chartered to carry some of the sprites.

For it was midsummer's night, and every one for miles round came to pay their respects and bring their gifts to the King and Queen of Fairyland, who always held their revels in the most beautiful garden that could be found on this night.

The little foreign imp was very lucky to have arrived when he did, and at the very gardens where the revels were taking place. He had never seen anything like this before, for in the foreign countries all days and nights are alike to them.

Still watching from the tiger lily, he saw them dismount and form one long procession; and they one and all curtseyed and bowed to the King and Queen and presented their gifts, which were received by tiny red sprites, who ran and gave them to those who were pre-

aring the feast table. Then the revels egan, fairy dancing, etc., and some played lind-man's-buff in the air, whilst others vere joining hands and touching wings, orming circles round the toadstools, and ther fairy games.

A little further away under a big green ree, he saw several hobgoblins preparing a ainty repast; the smallest harebells were he cups, which they filled with dew, and he tiniest of primroses acted as plates. The bees came and brought honey, which hey placed on violet and rose petals, and here were many dainties besides brought y the guests.

By this time little Impie was quite ested and felt mischievous; so, slipping n his invisible cap, he slid down the lily tem and ran across the lawn to where the mall hobgoblins were, nd began teasing and indering them all he ould. As fast as they ut the primrose plates n the toadstools, he ulled them off, and also

drank every drop of dew from the harebell cups, and threw them on the ground. The hobgoblins could not understand this, so began to scold each other, and then to fight.

The Fairy Queen who was holding these revels, seeing something was amiss, left her guests, and came over to the hobgoblins to ask all about it. But they could tell her nothing, except that as fast as they laid the tables they were unlaid by someone else.

"Nonsense," replied the Fairy Queen, "you must have eaten the honey and drank the dew yourselves."

With this she turned away, but, feeling a tug at her gossamer veil, was quite ready to scold the hobgoblins. Seeing they were busily engaged in picking up the plates and cups, she said nothing, only thought it very strange, and flew back to her guests, and they all once more joined wings.

Every now and then first one and then the other felt something tugging at him,

ut could see nothing. At last the fairy dances ame to an end, for some- hing strange seemed to e happening, and so hey wended their way cross the lawn to the east.

The Fairy Hollyhock was the only one hat seemed free from care, and she flew rom place to place and sang for very joy. She was thinking of the great surprise he was going to give them all when they at down to their midnight repast.

Hearing the tinkle of bells coming from he purple hyacinths in the distance, she knew it was time to awake the little tranger, so she flew to the red lily to find him, taking with her a beautiful white moth —knowing that Impie had no wings, and she dared not be long away.

But when she arrived, the red lily told

her that he had gone some long minute ago, and she had not seen which way h went. The disconsolate little maiden looke away, and all her gaiety was turned to sad ness—but only for a moment.

When Impie ran from one to the other teasing them when they were dancing, h suddenly missed Fairy Hollyhock; so h at once ran as fast as his little brown leg would carry him to his home—the red lily— thinking she might have gone there for him

Directly Hollyhock saw Impie climbing up the lily stalk she beamed, and pointed t the moth waiting patiently on a leaf clos by, as much as to say, "Come with me."

He went down on his little knee, and asked the red lily to tell the Fairy Holly hock that, if she would consent to live nea him always, he would give up his mischiev ous ways, and go wherever she wished.

THERE was once a King and Queen, who were very unhappy, because they had not any children. At last, however, the Queen was blessed with a daughter. The christening ceremony was very grand; especially as the Princess had as godmothers the seven fairies, who were the only ones known in the kingdom. It was the custom of those days that instead of a godmother giving the child a present, she bestowed a wish, and when a wish is bestowed by a fairy it always comes to pass.

After the christening ceremony, all the company returned to the King's palace, where a great feast had been prepared for the fairies and the guests. Before each of them was placed a magnificent plate, with a case of massive gold, wherein were a

spoon, knife, and fork, all o pure gold, chased with dia monds and rubies.

While they were all sitting down at table they noticed a very old fairy entering the hall. She had not been in vited because it was more than fifty years since anyone had seen her, and she was believed to be dead. The King at once ordered a plate for her, bu could not furnish her with a case of gold because they only had the seven which had been made for the seven fairies.

The old fairy fancied she was slighted and muttered some threats between her her teeth. One of the young fairies who sat beside her, overheard her grumblings and feared that she might bestow upon the little Princess some unlucky wish. Accordingly, when the company rose from table, she hid herself behind the tapestry, in order that she

might speak last, and so undo, as far as was possible, any harm which might be done by the old fairy.

Meanwhile all the fairies began to name their wishes to the Princess. The wish of the youngest was that she should be the most beautiful person in the world; the second promised that she should have the wit of an angel; the third, that she should be very graceful in all her movements; the fourth, that she should dance perfectly; the fifth, that she should sing like a nightingale; and the sixth, that she should play upon all kinds of musical instruments to the utmost perfection.

It was now the turn of the old fairy, who advanced with her head shaking more from spite than from age, and said that the Princess should have her hand pierced with a spinning spindle, and that she should die from the wound.

This terrible prediction made the whole company very unhappy.

The young fairy then came out from behind the tapestry and said :—

"Be assured, O King and Queen, that your daughter shall not die from this disaster; though it is true that I have not the power to undo entirely what my elder has done. The Princess will undoubtedly pierce her hand with a spindle, but instead of dying, she shall only fall into a profound sleep which shall last a hundred years, at the end of which period a King's son shall come and awaken her."

In order to avoid the misfortune fore-

old by the old fairy, the King immediately proclaimed that everybody was forbidden, on pain of death, to spin with a distaff and spindle, or even to have a spindle in their houses.

Now it happened one day, when the Princess was about sixteen years old, that she came upon a very old house with a tower, and as the door was open the Princess went in. At the top of the tower she came into a little room, where an old woman sat alone, spinning her spindle; for she had never heard of the King's proclamation.

"What are you doing, Goody?" asked the Princess.

"I am spinning, my pretty child," said the old woman, who did not know who she was.

"Ah!" said the Princess, "this is very pretty. How do you do it? Let me try, please."

She had no sooner started trying it, than the point of it pierced her finger, and she fell in a swoon.

The good old woman was very frightened and cried out for help, and people came running from the palace. They threw water upon her face, and struck her on the palms of the hands, but nothing would bring her to.

When the King and Queen heard of it, they were, of course, fearfully upset and grieved, but the King remembered the predictions of the fairies, and caused the Princess to be carried into the finest room in the palace, and to be laid upon a handsome bed, which was embroidered with gold and silver. She looked so beautiful that one would have taken her

for a little angel, for her swooning away had made no change in her, and though her eyes were shut, she was heard to breathe softly, which satisfied those around her that she was not dead. The King commanded that she should not be disturbed, but should be allowed to sleep quietly, till the hour of her awakening should come.

When this accident happened to the Princess, the good fairy, who had saved her life, hastened to the palace, and touched with her wand all in the palace, the King, Queen, governesses, maids of honour, ladies of the bedchamber, gentlemen, officers, stewards, cooks, guards, beef-eaters, pages and footmen. She likewise touched all the horses in the stables and the great dogs.

As soon as she touched them they fell asleep, and would not wake up again until their mistress did so, that they might be able to wait upon her, when she wanted them. The very turn-spits at the fire, which were full of partridges and pheasants, fell asleep, as indeed did the fire itself.

The good fairy then waved her wand again, and lo! there grew up all round the park such a vast number of trees, great and small, bushes and brambles, twining one within another, that neither man nor beast could pass through. Nothing could be seen but the very top of the towers, and not even that except from a long way off. Nobody doubted that the fairy had thus made a very extraordinary use of her art, so that while the Princess continued sleeping she had nothing to fear.

One day, a hundred years later, a gallant young Prince, who was out hunting in that part of the country where the palace was, asked his friends what were the towers which he saw in the middle of a great thick

vood? Everyone told the story which he eard, but a very aged countryman came up nd said :

"May it please your Royal Highness, ny father told me that the most beautiful Princess ever seen is asleep in that palace, nd had to remain asleep for a hundred ears, and it must be nearly a hundred years go that it happened."

The young Prince listened eagerly to he story, for he felt that he could in some vay put an end to the strange state of af- airs; so he resolved to try and enter the ld palace.

He had scarcely advanced towards the vood when all the great trees, the bushes, nd brambles, gave way of their own accord o let him pass through. He walked up to the pal- ce, which he saw at the nd of a long avenue; but e was not a little sur- rised to notice that none f his attendants could ollow him, because the rees closed again as soon

as he had passed through.

This did not stop him, however. First he came into a spacious outer court, where everything he saw was enough to have frozen up the most fearless with horror. Everything was silent, and the Prince was overcome with bewilderment. There were the guards standing as if they were alive, but when he touched them he saw they were fast asleep; he shook them, but they could not wake up.

He then crossed a courtyard paved with marble, went up some stairs, and through several rooms, where were ladies and gentlemen all asleep, some standing others sitting. At last he came into a richly fur-

shed chamber, where he saw, upon a bed, e curtains of which were all open, the irest sight that he had ever beheld—a rincess, who appeared to be about fifteen sixteen years of age, and whose beauty as quite fascinating. He approached with embling and admiration, and fell down pon his knees before her, and kissed her and.

The enchantment was immediately at n end, and the Princess awakened, and ooked on the Prince with very tender yes, and said to him:—

"Is it you, my Prince? I ave been waiting a very ong time for you to come o me."

The Prince was charmed ith these words, and still nore with the manner in hich they were spoken. He showed great joy and appiness that he had been

the means of awakening her as he wanted her for his bride.

He was more embarrassed than she, and no wonder, seeing that she had had time to think of what she would say for probably the good fairy had given her very agreeable dreams during her long sleep.

The next day the King and Queen held a gorgeous banquet, so that all should rejoice over the coming wedding of their daughter, and the awakening of those who had been sent to sleep by the wicked fairy.

The wedding took place shortly afterwards, and the blushing Princess, looking lovelier than ever, became a happy bride, and they returned to the Prince's Palace, and lived happy ever after, beloved by all.

Three Little Bears.

ONCE upon a time there lived in a big forest three bears—Father Bear, Mother Bear, and Little Bear.

One fine day, Father Bear asked his wife and child if they would go out with him for a long walk, and while they were gone, a pretty little girl, called Goldenlocks, came to the home of the three bears.

Goldenlocks peeped through the key-ole, tried the handle of the door, and to er surprise the door opened, and in she alked.

On the table she saw three bowls of orridge, one very large, the second of a iddle size, and the third a very small size.

Just then the Big Bear turned to sit down, and called out angrily, "Somebody has been sitting in my chair!"

Mrs. Bear also called out, "Somebody has been sitting in my chair!" and the little Bear cried out, "Somebody has been sitting in my chair and broken it down!"

The bears were all angry, and at once started upstairs in search of the thief. On entering the bedroom, Mr. Bear noticed that his bolster had been moved, and he yelled "Somebody has been lying in my bed!" Mrs. Bear now came up, and saw that her quilt had been moved, so she too said "Somebody has been lying in my bed!"

The Little Bear had by this time walked
to his bed, and seeing the form of sleep-
g Goldenlocks, shrieked out, "Somebody
as been lying in my bed and here she is!"

The noise awoke Goldenlocks, who was
terribly frightened at seeing the three
ears, that she jumped out of the window,
nd ran home as fast as she could.

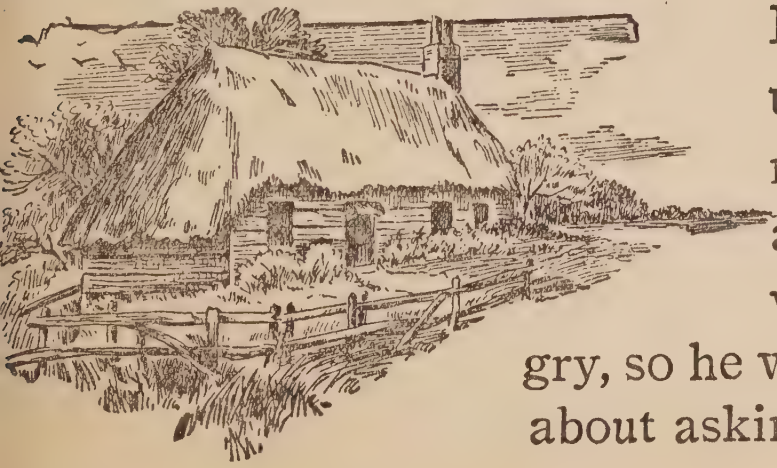
Dick Whittingto

DICK WHIT TINGTO was the name a little boy wh had lost his pa ents and who nurse was s unkind that h cruel treatme drove him from home at seven years of ag For some years he lived on the charity the good-natured people of the village, b when he had grown a big boy he determin to go to London, as he heard that i streets were paved with gold.

One day, a waggoner, with a large wa gon and eight horses with bells on the heads, drove through the village as Di was standing by the sign-post. Di thought that the waggon must be going

London, so he asked the driver to let him walk by its side. The man heard that Dick was a poor orphan and allowed him to come.

When Dick reached London, he ran through several streets as fast as his legs could carry him, expecting every moment to find the golden pavements, for he imagined that he had only to take up some little pieces in order to have as much money as he could desire. The poor boy became very tired running about the streets all the evening, and he was very disappointed at finding dirt where he had expected gold, so he sat down in a dark corner and cried himself to sleep.



He woke up next morning and was very hungry, so he wandered about asking every-

one he met to save him from starving. Scarcely anyone noticed him, and he was soon in a very miserable condition. Feeling that he would die of hunger he laid himself down at the door of a very rich merchant, whose name was Mr. Fitzwarren. Here he was seen by the cook who was very ill-tempered, and called out at him:

"Run away, you lazy rogue, or I will throw this hot water over you."

Just then Mr. Fitzwarren came home and said to Dick:

"What are you doing, my lad? You are quite old enough to work, and I am afraid you must be idle."

"No, sir," replied Dick; I would will

lingly work, but I know no one here, and I am ill from want of food."

"Poor fellow!" said Mr. Fitzwarren, who, taking Dick indoors, gave him a good dinner and arranged to let him live in the house, and work in the kitchen under the cook.

Little Dick would have lived very happily here if it had not been for the unkindness of the cook, who ill-treated him whenever she had the chance. Mr. Fitzwarren's daughter Alice heard of this and told the cook she ought to be ashamed of herself for treating a poor boy so badly, and added that she should be sent away if she did not treat him more kindly. Although the cook was so unkind, Dick had a great friend in the footman, who was sorry for his loneliness, and so taught him how to read, in order to make him a happier boy.

Besides the ill-humour of the cook, which now, however, was somewhat mended, Whittington had another trouble to get over. This was that he had to sleep in a garret, where there were so many holes in the floors and walls that whenever he went to bed he was disturbed by a great number of rats and mice, which ran over his face, and made such a noise, that he sometimes thought the walls would tumble over him.

One day a gentlemen, who called to see Mr. Fitzwarren, asked to have his shoes cleaned, and Dick did the work so well that he was given some money for his pains. With this money he bought a cat from a little girl, who said that her mother had more than she wanted, and added that the one which she was selling to Dick was an

excellent mouser. Dick kept his cat in his garret, and fed her regularly, and, to his great delight, he soon slept soundly, and was disturbed no more by rats and mice.

Soon after this the merchant was about to send a richly laden ship to sea, and he asked all his servants what they would like to send on it. All had something to venture except poor Dick, for when Miss Alice Fitzwarren offered to give him some money, her father would not allow it, as it had to be something of Dick's very own. Upon this, Dick said he had nothing but a cat, which he had bought with some money that had been given him.

"Fetch your cat then, my boy," said Mr. Fitzwarren, "and let her go!"

Whittington brought the cat, with tears in his eyes, for he was very sorry to lose it and feared that the rats and mice would again disturb his rest. Everyone laughed at Dick's odd venture excepting Miss Alice, who was very sorry for the poor boy, and gave him some halfpence to buy another cat.

The cook grew very jealous of the kind way in which her mistress treated the boy and made game of his having sent his cat to sea, asking him if he thought it would buy the price of a halter.

At last Dick could bear her cruelty no longer, and so early in the morning of All Hallows Day, the 1st of November, he packed up his few belongings, and ran away from the house. He travelled as far as Highgate, and sat down on a stone there to think over what he should do. This stone is still to be seen, and is known by his name.

Whilst he was sitting down the Bow Bells began to ring, and their sound seemed to say:

"Turn again, Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London."

"Lord Mayor of London!" said Dick to himself. "Why, to be sure, I could bear anything to ride in a fine coach, and be Lord Mayor of London. Well, I will go back, and think nothing of the blows and the ill-temper of that old cook Cicely, if I am to be Lord Mayor of London!

So Dick went back to the house, and had began to work before Cicely came downstairs.

Meanwhile, the ship with the cat on board had been beaten about at sea and was

at last driven by contrary winds on to a part of the coast of Barbary inhabited by the Moors. The natives came on board in great numbers to see people of a different colour to their own, and they soon became eager to buy the fine things with which the ship was laden.

The captain, therefore, sent some of the choicest articles to the king of the country, who was so pleased with them that he asked the captain and chief mate

to the palace. The king and queen sat at the upper end of the room, and the dinner, which consisted of the choicest dainties, was brought in.

No sooner, however, were the dishes set before the company than an amazing number of rats and mice rushed in, and helped themselves plentifully from every dish. The captain was very astonished, and asked if these vermin were not very offensive.

"Oh, yes," was the answer, "very offensive; and the king would give half his treasure to be free of them, for they not only spoil his dinner, but they disturb him at night, so that he has to be watched while he sleeps."

The captain, who recollected Whittington's cat, was delighted, and he told the king that he had a creature on board that would kill all the rats and mice. The king was even more pleased than the captain.

"Bring this creature to me," said he, "and if she can really do what you say, I will load your ship with gold in exchange for her."

Whilst another dinner was being provided the captain hurried back to the ship, and

eturned to the palace with puss under his rm, in time to see the table covered with ats and mice, who were preparing to serve ne second dinner in the same way as they ad served the first.

The cat did not wait to be told what to o, but sprang from the captain's arms, and n a few moments killed a great number of ne rats and mice, whilst the remainder campered away to their holes in a terrible right.

The king was so delighted at this that e agreed to buy ne whole of the hip's cargo, and o give in addition

a hugh quantity of gold for the cat. Soo
afterwards the captain took leave of th
court, and set sail with a fair wind for th
port of London, where he arrived safel
after a happy voyage.

One morning when Mr. Fitzwarre
had just entered his office, the captain an
the mate of his ship, the *Unicorn*, arrive
followed by several men, who were bring
ing a large quantity of wedges of gol
which had been paid by the King o
Barbary for the merchandise, including th
cat. As soon as Mr. Fitzwarren heard thi
he sent for Whittington, and said:

"Dick, I am delighted to tell you tha
the captain has sold your cat to the Kin
of Barbary for more riches than I posses
in the whole world. May you long enjo
them!"

At first Dick was too joyful to speak, but when he recovered himself he begged his master to take as much as he pleased, as was to his kindness that he was in-bted for the whole.

"No, no," answered Mr. Fitzwarren, ou are justly entitled to it all, and I am re you will make a generous use of it."

Whittington was too kind-hearted to ep it all himself, and accordingly he de handsome presents to the captain, mate, and every member of the crew.

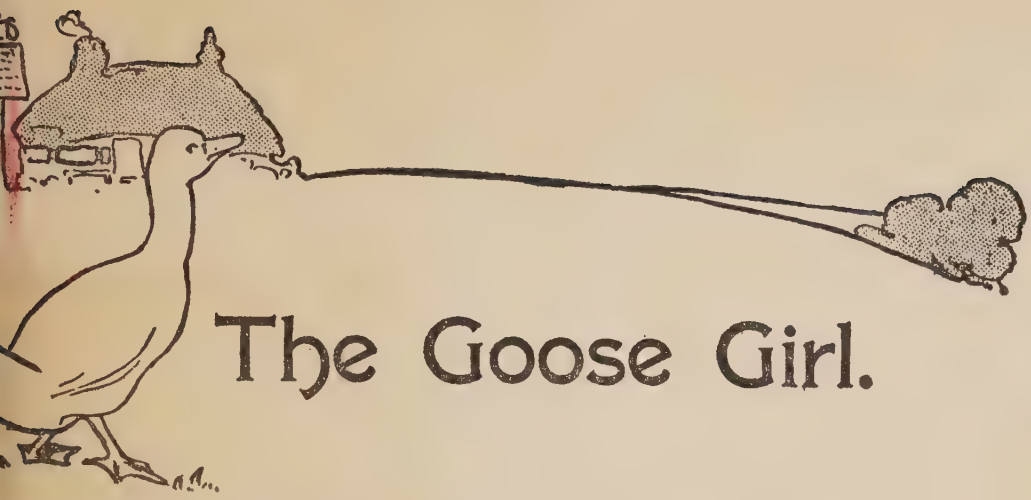
He afterwards gave presents to his od friend the footman, and the rest of . Fitzwarren's servants, not even except- the surly old cook, Cicely.

Mr. Fitzwarren then saw that Dic
was fashionably dressed, and offered hir
his own house to live in till he coul
provide himself with a better. Miss Alice
who had always liked him, now though
him fit to be her lover, especially as Dic
was ever willing to do her a service, an
made her some very handsome present
Mr. Fitzwarren noticed their natura
affection, proposed that they should b
married, and they both agreed to this.

Accordingly the wedding took plac
in the presence of the Lord Mayo
the Sheriffs, and Alder-
men, and a
number of

e wealthiest merchants of the city; and
e ceremony was succeeded by a splendid
ll.

History tells us how Whittington and
s wife lived in great splendour, had several
ildren, and were very happy. In the
ar 1340 he became Sheriff of London,
d three times afterwards he was Lord
ayor. In his last year of office he enter-
ined King
enry the Fifth
his return
om the victory
Agincourt,
d some time
terwards he
ceived the
onour of
ighthood.



The Goose Girl.

GRETCHEN was a goose girl. She lived in a tiny cottage with a red roof, all amidst the fields, and woods, and hills, and every day she took a big stick and drove her geese across the common to the pond on the other side.

One summer morning her mother said she might take a holiday, and go and visit her Auntie Jeanne. So Gretchen dressed herself in her best clothes, and set out to the village. She spent a happy time with her auntie, and after tea started for home.

Just on the edge of the common she met her geese.

When they saw her they began to cackle in great excitement, and caught hold of her skirts. Gretchen drove them off with her umbrella. But they only waddled on a little way, then looked back to see what she was doing.

"I believe they want me to follow them!" cried Gretchen.

As soon as the geese saw her coming they began to run, and Gretchen ran after. On and on they went, over the common, across the fields, until they came to a little shady dell in a wood. And here Gretchen stopped, and clapped her hands with delight, for on the mossy ground was

spread the most delicious tea she had ever seen. All around sat a number of little brown rabbits. Peter Bunny spied Gretchen first.

"Look, mother!" he cried. "There's a little servant girl!"

"So there is!" exclaimed Mrs. Bunny, staring at Gretchen. "What wages do you ask, my dear?"

Gretchen thought this great fun. "If you please," she said, "I should be quite satisfied with some of those lovely cakes."

"As many as you like," said Mrs. Bunny. "Now go and fetch the tea."

The geese had vanished, so Gretchen filled the tea pot from the little kettle on the fire, and Peter Bunny carried dishes of cakes. Then they all sat down, and Gretchen had as many cakes as she could

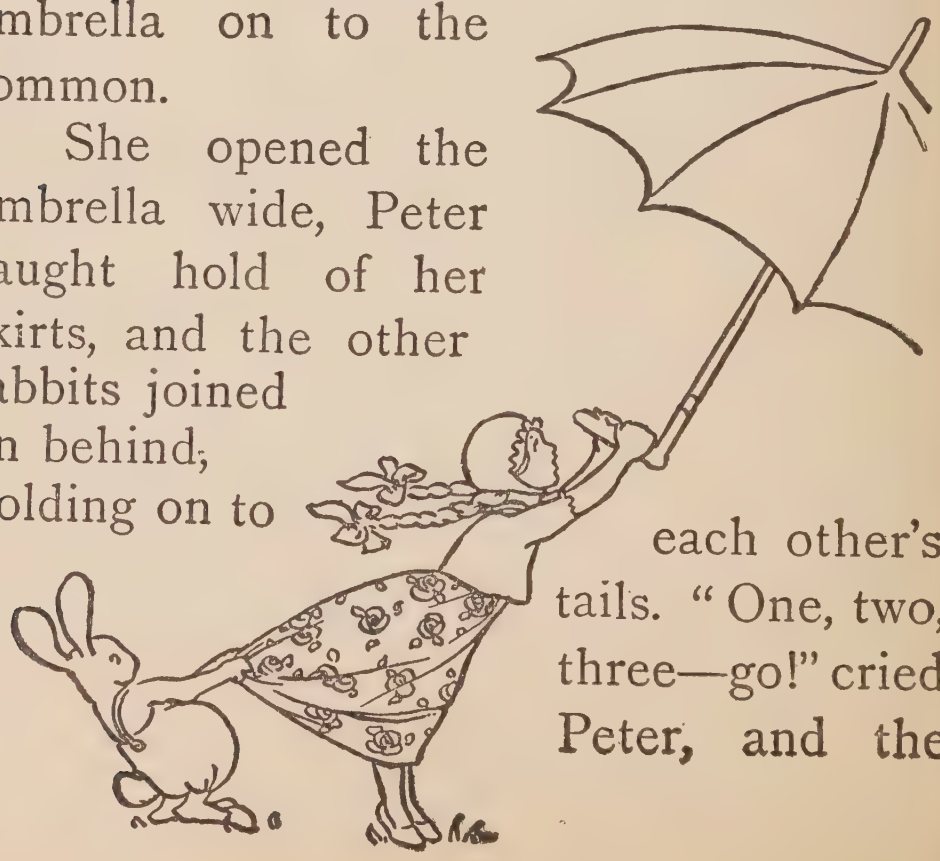
eat. When tea was over, Mrs. Bunny told Gretchen to go and play with the children until bedtime.

"What's that?" asked Peter, presently, pointing to the umbrella, and Gretchen showed him how it opened and shut.

"I know!" he cried. "We'll go for a sail in the air."

"Hurrah!" cried all the other rabbits, and they dragged Gretchen and the umbrella on to the common.

She opened the umbrella wide, Peter caught hold of her skirts, and the other rabbits joined on behind, holding on to each other's tails. "One, two, three—go!" cried Peter, and the



whole party went soaring into the air. It was a delicious feeling. Higher and higher they went, until at last they were right above the clouds.

"Oh!" cried Gretchen, suddenly, "the umbrella's shutting up! Oh! whatever shall we do?" Sure enough the umbrella was no longer puffed out like a balloon, but hanging loosely round the handle, and the next moment it began to fall.

"We're tumbling into the sea!" cried the rabbit at the bottom of the chain, and there was a loud splash.

Splash, splash, splash! One by one all the bunnies fell in until only Peter and Gretchen were left. All of a sudden the umbrella flew out of her

hands, and she awoke to find herself sitting by the side of the pond, while her geese were splashing in for their evening swim. On the ground in front of her lay the umbrella, but Peter and the rest of the rabbits had completely disappeared.

"I hope they're not drowned," she said, as she got up and peered into the pond. But the water was so clear she could look right to the bottom, and no sign of a bunny rabbit could she see.

"It must have been a dream," she said, as she smoothed out her dress. "But those cakes were lovely. So was the journey through the air." She picked up her umbrella and opened it, but it wouldn t lift her an inch off the ground. So she scampered home to find mother standing in the doorway looking for her, but when she told her story, mother laughed.

Sindbad the Sailor.

SINDBAD'S father was a rich merchant of Bagdad, and when he died, he left his son a great deal of money; but it was soon all spent in foolish pleasures, and Sinbad had to earn his living by going to sea as a merchant. And what a lot of strange adventures happened to him. On the first voyage all went well until the ship was becalmed near to what looked like an island, but was really a great whale, asleep on the top of the water. On this the crew landed, and lighted a fire.

Of course this woke the whale up, and he began to swim away with Sindbad on his back. His companions sailed away, thinking he was drowned, but he escaped by clinging to a piece of wood, after leaving the whale.

He was washed ashore on a desert island, where he discovered a monstrous roc's egg bigger than himself. When the great roc returned to sit on the egg, Sindbad hid himself under it, and tied himself to the bird's leg. It carried him to another island, into a valley full of huge serpents, on which the bird used to feed. Sindbad was

astonished to find the ground covered with splendid diamonds, but they seemed useless, for the valley was enclosed by high mountains, and there was no way out. Soon he heard a noise, and found it was caused by the fall of large pieces of meat, which merchants threw down from the top of the mountains, in the hope that, when the birds came and carried them off to their nests, they might find a few diamonds which had stuck to the meat.

Sindbad tied the largest piece to his back, lay down with his face to the ground, and, as he hoped, the bird carried him and the meat out of the valley; but not before he had filled his pockets with the biggest diamonds.

There he met the other merchants, and with their help he reached home safely.

Sindbad soon grew tired of a quiet life at Bagdad, and set off again on another voyage. For a long time all went well,

ut at length the ship
n which he and his
ompanions had em-
arked, was compelled
y a storm to anchor
ear an island where
welt thousands of ugly little dwarfs
overed with long red hair, who at once
eized the ship, and landed the merchants
n another island. Here lived a black
giant as tall as a palm tree.
This monster treated them
very cruelly, and so they all
made up their minds to
escape as soon as possible.

As usual Sindbad was the cleverest,

and he advised them to thrust a pointed stick into his eyes while he slept. Then they all ran away to the shore. The giant tried to catch them, but since he was blind, they were able to get on to some rafts which they had made ready.

Unluckily, just as they had pushed off, other giants appeared, and, casting huge rocks, sank all except Sindbad's raft.

In his next voyage Sindbad

with other merchants, again discovered a roc's egg, which was just ready to be hatched.

Sindbad's companions broke the shell with hatchets, took out the young one, and roasted it. Then they sailed away, but they were soon shadowed by clouds, which, on looking up, were found to be the mother and father of the young roc they had just killed. The old birds were very angry when they discovered their loss, and

determined to punish the merchants. They flew off to the island, and each brought

back a huge stone to drop on the vessel. The first one missed, but the second hit the ship right in the centre and smashed it into a thousand pieces. Sindbad had the good fortune to take hold of a part of the wreck, and was after a time washed ashore on an island where

dwelt an ugly dwarf, known to sailors as "The Old Man of the Sea."

He was a kind of Wizard, and had an unpleasant habit of sitting on the shoulders of all mariners who were shipwrecked, and, after treating them cruelly for many days, used to strangle them.

One day Sindbad gathered some grapes, which he left in a bowl to ferment.

A short time after he passed that way again, and, tasting the liquor, became quite strong and lively.

This made the dwarf want to taste it too, and being greedy he drank too much.

This sent him to sleep, and slipping off Sindbad's back, he was at once put to death, whilst a passing vessel carried off Sindbad.

One more adventure befell the Sailor, for on the way the ship was taken by pirates who sold the merchants into slavery

Sindbad's master treated him very well, but he had to earn his bread by shooting elephants for the sake of their ivory tusks.

He was very clever with the bow and arrow, and shot so many, that at last the elephants pulled up the tree, in which he was hiding, took him into a valley full of tusks, and left him there safe. He showed them to his master, who was so delighted, that he gave him his freedom, and sent him home with great riches.

Cinderella.

ONCE upon a time there was a rich old gentleman who had a charming wife and one dear little girl, called Ella. The three lived very happily together till alas! the lady fell ill and died. After a time the gentleman married again. His second wife had two grown-up daughters of her own,—proud, disagreeable young ladies both of them. They took a jealous dislike to their sweet young step-sister, made her dress in poor clothes, and treated her like a servant.

Poor Ella had to scrub and scour, sweep up the ashes and sift the cinders, and for this her step-sisters mockingly named her Cinderella.

It happened that a ball was given by the king's son

and Cinderella's sisters were invited to it, much to their delight, but, of course, no invitation came for the little Cinder-wench.

Poor Cinderella helped to dress her sisters in their grand clothes, wistfully watched them drive away, and then sadly returned to her chimney-corner.

"Oh, dear!" said the poor girl. "How I wish . . . . I wish . . . ."

"What do you wish, my dear?" said her fairy godmother, who at that moment came in.

"You wish to go to the Prince's ball, now don't you?"

"Ah, so much!" said Cinderella.

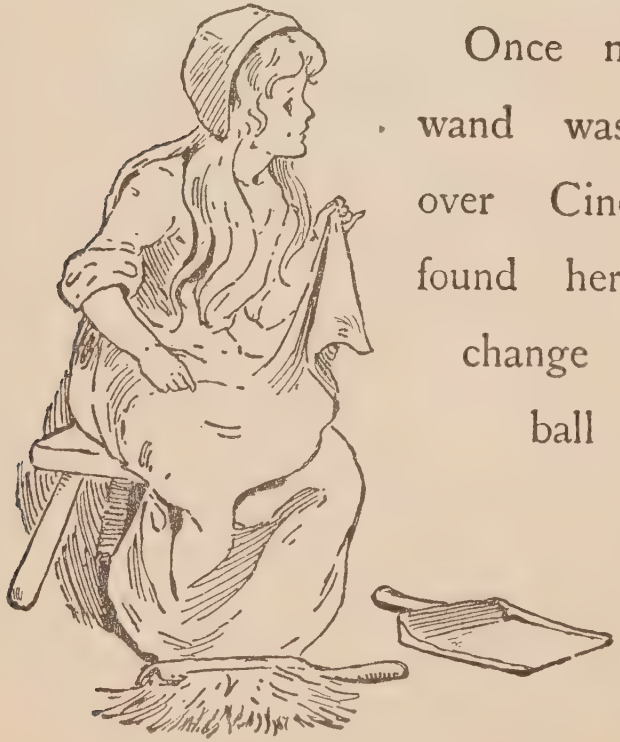
"Well, well," said her godmother, "so you shall darling."

"Bring me a large pumpkin out of the garden."

Cinderella obeyed, much wondering.

The old lady waved her wand, and lo! the pumpkin became a splendid carriage.

In the same way four mice were changed into four prancing horses, gaily caparisoned; four lizards into dapper footmen in splendid liveries; one big rat into an imposing coachman; and two small rats into little postillions.



Once more the godmother's wand was waved; this time over Cinderella herself, who found her old rags suddenly change into a magnificent ball dress, sparkling with jewels.

Oh! how lovely Cinderella looked in her fine attire!

Then the kind old lady pulled out of her pocket a pair of tiny glass slippers which Cinderella put on, finding them an excellent fit.

Her godmother then told her on no account to stay at the ball later than twelve o'clock; for should she remain a single moment after, her carriage would again become a pumpkin, and the horses and servants turn into mice, rats, and lizards; and also at the same time her beautiful dress would change into her old clothes once more.

Cinderella promised to be very punctual. Then she kissed her kind godmother, stepped into her grand carriage, and drove off gaily, feeling herself a very fine lady indeed. When she arrived at the palace, everyone was struck with her grace and beauty.

The King's son was told that a beautiful princess, whom no one knew, had arrived, and he immediately

hastened to welcome her.

As soon as Cinderella entered the ball room, led by the gallant young Prince, there were murmurs of "How beautiful she is" heard all over the room.

Cinderella, with the Prince for her partner, danced so gracefully, that everyone admired her more than ever. As for the Prince, he never left her for an instant the whole evening.

At a quarter to twelve Cinderella curtsied to the company and left the ball room.

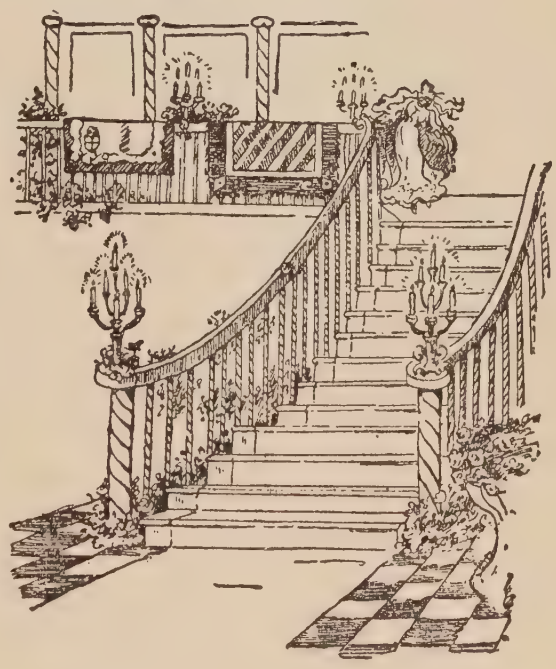
The Prince accompanied her to her carriage and eagerly begged her to come to the ball on the following evening.

By her kind godmother's permission Cinderella went to the Prince's ball on the following evening also, and looked lovelier than ever.

This time she enjoyed herself still more than before, and quite forgot to notice how the hours were passing.

All at once the clock struck twelve!

Cinderella started and rushed from the palace in such haste, that she dropped one of her glass slippers.

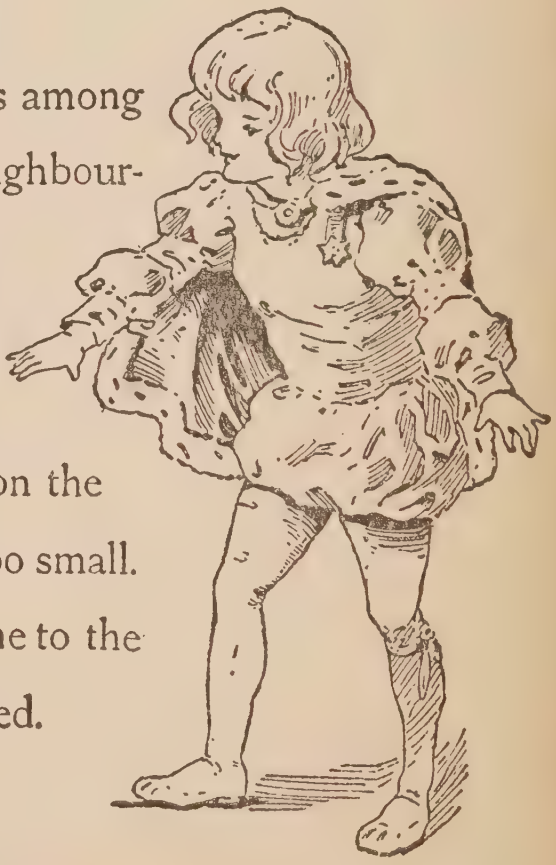


She arrived home with none of her godmother's fairy gifts except one glass slipper, the fellow of the one she had lost.

The Prince was in a sad state of mind when he missed the beautiful princess.

He immediately rushed down to the gate of the palace, but no one had taken any notice of Cinderella, as she fled in her mean old dress, and he could not discover any trace of her, except the tiny glass slipper which she had dropped.

The Prince picked that up, and gazed at it so tenderly, that no one wondered, when the next day a herald went through the town proclaiming that the Prince would marry the lady whose foot the little glass slipper would fit.

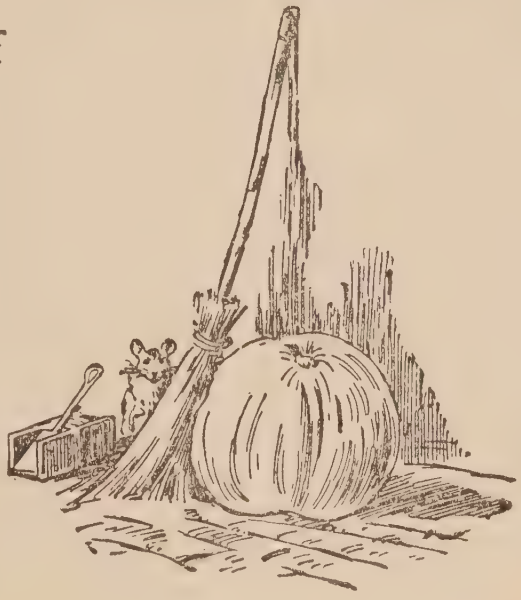


What a flutter there was among the young ladies in the neighbourhood! They all anxiously looked at their feet, and when the Prince's messenger arrived, eagerly tried on the slipper, but it was always too small.

At last the messenger came to the house where Cinderella lived.

Her two sisters were not slow to come forward to make the trial; but no, all their efforts were in vain!

As they, in much disgust, gave up the attempt, a gentle voice from the chimney corner said: "Won't you let *me* try?" How the sisters laughed at the idea of the little Cinder-wench trying on the dainty slipper, but the herald, noticing Cinderella's beauty, politely invited her to make the trial. She sat down and the little shoe slipped on her foot, fitting like wax. Then Cinderella took the fellow slipper out of her pocket and put it on the other foot. At that moment in came the fairy godmother and waved her wand over Cinderella, who again became the richly dressed lady of the Prince's ball.



The herald led Cinderella to the Prince, who was so glad to see her again, that he married her a few days afterwards.

IN an Eastern country some hundreds of years ago there lived a lord who possessed very large estates, and was exceedingly rich. On one of his estates there was a magnificent castle in which he usually lived. It was built on a hill, and from the towers you could obtain splendid views of the surrounding country for miles around.

Now the extraordinary thing about this lord was that he had a blue beard, and was known all over the country as "Bluebeard," and you never heard him spoken of by his real title.

Like King Henry the Eighth, Bluebeard had been married many times, but

each wife had in turn disappeared, and nobody knew what had become of them, as there had never been a burial from the castle that anyone living in the district could remember.

One day, when Bluebeard was passing through an adjacent village on his camel, he saw three very beautiful girls. On returning home, he told his steward, Shacabac, to go into the village and find out who they were, and to tell their father that he desired to marry one of them, and that he would leave it to the father to send him the prettiest.

When the girls heard of it, they were highly flattered, and all wanted to be the wife of this rich lord. So their father,

Suliman, sent back word by Shacabac to say that he thought Bluebeard had better invite them all three to his castle and then choose for himself. So Bluebeard invited them and their mother to spend a week at his castle. This they did, and it was indeed a week of pleasure—hunting and dancing, mirth and feasting.

In short, they all enjoyed the week immensely, and at the end of it, the youngest, named Fatima, was the one chosen, and after a brief courtship, her marriage with Bluebeard took place with rejoicings.

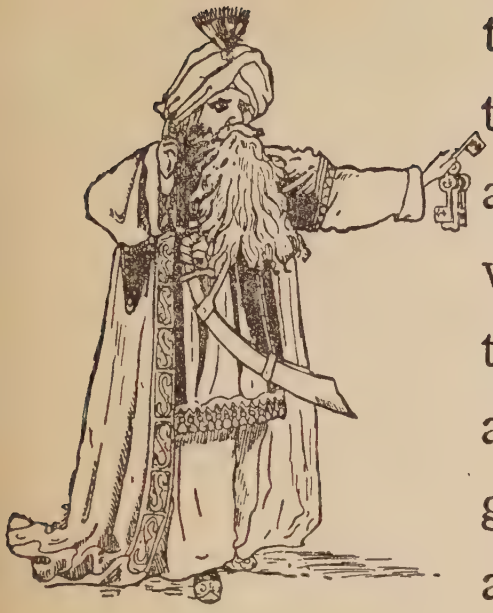
Some months afterwards, Bluebeard told his wife that he would have to be away from home owing to important business. He accordingly asked her to amuse herself during his absence, and so that she should not feel lonely, to invite her brothers and sisters and as many friends and acquaintances as she liked to stay with her, and to enjoy herself.

"Here," said he, "are the keys of the two rooms where I have my best furniture; these are the keys of the cupboards where the gold and silver plate is kept; these open my strong boxes; these my caskets of jewels; and this is the master-key of all my apartments. As for the little one here, it is

the key of the chamber at the end of the gallery on the ground floor. Open all the rooms, go into all and every one of them, except that little chamber. This I forbid you to enter, and should you disobey me, a great punishment will be yours."

She promised obedience, and Bluebeard, having embraced her, mounted his camel and set out on his journey.

Fatima wrote off to her family and friends, inviting them to come and stay at the castle with her; quite a number eager[1]-- accepted. When



they arrived, she showed them all over the castle and apartments, which were so rich and grand that all envied Fatima, and thought her a lucky girl to have married such a rich lord.

In two of the great rooms they much admired the beautiful tapestry and rich furniture, such as the beds, couches, cabinets, stands and tables. They were especially pleased with the long looking-glasses, in which they could see themselves from head to foot. Some were framed with gold, and some with silver, and were the most magnificent they had ever beheld. All the guests thought Fatima ought to be very happy amidst such splendour. As a matter

of fact she was not happy, as she was worrying all the time as to why she had been forbidden to go into that one little chamber on the ground floor. At last she could resist the temptation no longer, and when she thought her guests would not miss her, she slipped out of the room.

She was so impatient that she forgot how rude it was to leave her guests; and she went down a small back staircase with such great haste that two or three times she nearly fell down.

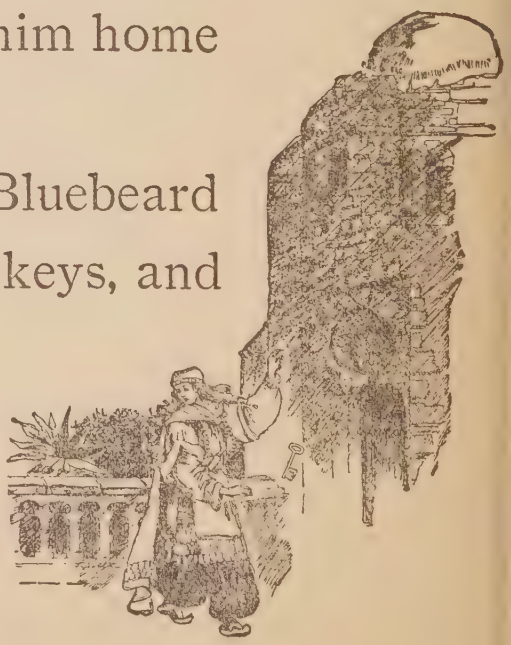
When she reached the chamber door, she stopped for a little while to think of her husband's orders, and to consider also the possible consequences of her disobedi-

-ence; but the longing was so strong that she could not resist it.

Fatima then took the little key and opened the door in a trembling manner; but she could not at first see anything plainly, as the windows were shut. After some moments she perceived that the bodies of several dead women were ranged against the walls. She very soon came to the conclusion that these were all Bluebeard's late wives. Fatima nearly fainted at this horrible scene, but managed to lock the door again; after which she rushed upstairs and told her sister Anne all about it. When she took the key out of her pocket to show it to Anne, imagine her horror to find it

was stained with blood, which she vainly attempted to remove. In spite of all her rubbing and scrubbing. the blood-stain would not come off.

Shortly afterwards Bluebeard returned and said that he had received letters on the road, informing him that the business he had gone away upon had been settled satisfactorily, and so he was able to return sooner than he had anticipated; his wife did all she could to make him think that she was glad to have him home again.



The next morning Bluebeard asked his wife for his keys, and these she handed to him with such a nervous manner and a trembling hand that

he easily guessed what had happened.

"Why," he asked, "is not the key of the little chamber among the rest?"

"I must certainly have left it on the table upstairs," she replied.

"Do not fail to bring it to me at once!" he exclaimed.

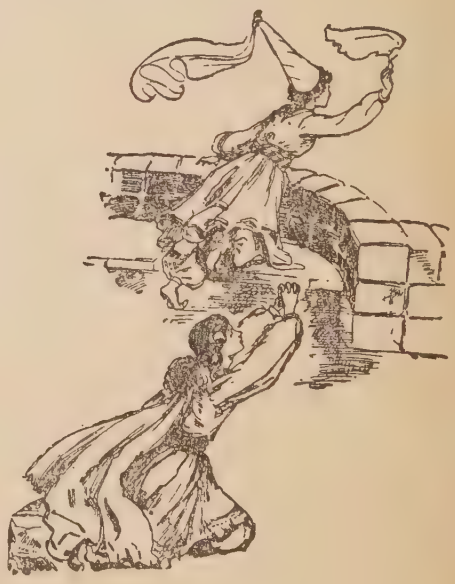
She tremblingly brought him the key, which he carefully examined. He then asked Fatima how the blood-stains came to be upon the key?

"I do not know!" cried the poor woman.

"You do not know!" rejoined Bluebeard. "I know quite well that you went into that chamber. Very well, you shall go in again and stay there."

Fatima begged him to forgive her. But the heart of Bluebeard was wicked and hard. "You must die," said he, "and at once!"

"Since I must die," she murmured, midst her sobs, "give me some little time in which to say my prayers!"



"I will give you fifteen minutes," replied Bluebeard, "but not for one

moment longer will I delay carrying out your execution!"

As soon as she could, Fatima said to Anne, "O sister, run up to the top of the north tower, and see if you can see our brothers returning, for Bluebeard has found me out, and says I must pay for my disobedience by having my head cut off." Anne rushed off to the tower, and the anxious Fatima kept crying out:

"Sister Anne, sister Anne, do you now see anyone coming!"

After a time, Anne said, joyously, "I see two horsemen coming!"

"Thank God!" said the poor wife, "it must be our brothers!"

Bluebeard called her, and she threw herself in tears at his feet. "Your tears are useless; you must die!" roared Bluebeard, as

he raised his scimitar to cut her head off. She begged for time to collect herself, but he replied, "No, no! not a moment!"

Just then there was a loud knocking at the gate, which stopped him. The gate was flung open; two horsemen dashed in. Seeing Bluebeard with his scimitar upraised ready to strike Fatima, they drew their swords and seized him. Fatima told them they were only just in time to save her.

The brothers then bound Bluebeard, and cast him into the chamber with the wives he had killed, where he was fed twice a day on bread and water only.

This soon killed him, and then Fatima divided all her wealth between her brothers and sister Anne, who had saved her life, and they lived happily ever after.